The STUDENT'S

PEN

MAY 1925

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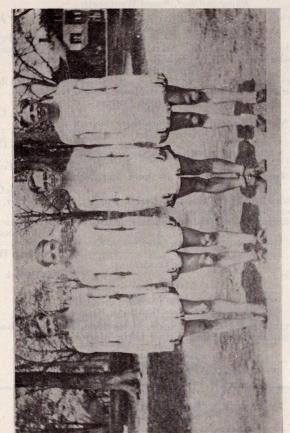
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The first members of the Pittsfield High Track team to place this season.

The mile relay team which took fourth place in the closed event at the Yale Interscholast:

Track Meet at New Haven, May 16. The members of the team are, from left to right; George Donald, Donald Ringle, Howard



Memorial Day

HAT significance has Memorial Day for you? Does it mean anything more than an annual holiday on the thirtieth of May? To the majority who have not lingered on the busy highway to consider this question, Memorial Day touches few heart strings. Mothers who have been separated from their beloved sons feel and understand its deepest meaning. It is on this day that people of the United States by military parades and appropriate exercises honor the sacred memory of the soldiers—soldiers who thought of their country as something more than a piece of land with a name. Clearly they saw the flag, representing courage, truth and purity; dimly they saw the struggles of establishing a nation, and vividly they realized that there were more hardships to be endured for her glory and the safety of her future citizens. They heard the call echo across the world and they answered it—once for independence, once for service, once for the Union and last for world peace. Their country needed them, they left dear ones forever and went to their death. They gave everything for an ideal. If they surrendered all, even their lives, should we not hold their memory sacred? Should we not honor them and show our appreciation as best we may? Memorial Day is set aside for those who answered the patriotic call of liberty, especially for those who did not come back. We of to-day pay tribute not only to the heroes of the Civil War but also those who found their resting places in the fields of France, to those who fought bravely, unflinchingly to the end and passed away unrecognized, unknown. Is it not our duty as well as a privilege to pay homage to the unknown soldiers and to all soldiers who fought for the great ideal?

"Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons they gave, their immortality."

Getting Something for Rothing

THERE is an illusion that has existed from the beginning of time to the present day, the illusion that something is to be had for nothing. Today there are countless people always on the watch for a chance to get something for nothing.

The person who invests a small sum of money in the hope of reaping a fortune, and the "crook" who tries to obtain wealth without any cost are both under the wrong impression.

The old truth, that one obtains in proportion to what one invests, is as sound today as ever. Anyone can expect good returns if he is willing and able to give his time and energy to his work. If this rule were followed, there would be less grumbling and more happiness everywhere.

An application of this principle would help any school. Too often the pupil has the idea that he is working for someone else. If he has studied faithfully for several days and has not had a chance to display his ability, he is sometimes inclined to think that it does no good to study, for he is not called upon to recite. On the contrary, though the pupil is not marked, he has mastered the subject for future use and so he has obtained the rewards of application and effort. In the same way a pupil is only deceiving himself when he congratulates himself for receiving a high mark on little preparation, for when the time comes when the knowledge is needed by him, his mark will aid him not at all. He will then realize that he has obtained just in proportion to his investment.

Another way in which students can profit is to put more into their school life, to give more, not to try to get as much as possible for the least expenditure of energy. Students are many times concerned only with what they can get from their school, not with how they can benefit and aid it. Happily, however, the students who are giving most to the school leave it the happiest and the best fitted for their work, for a school is like a gum slot machine; they obtain the most, who put in the most.

O. Johnson.

Ideals

N ideal is a very fleeting, intangible thing, yet its powers are magical, almost without bounds, and the influence which it wields over the lives of men is strangely stirring and strength-giving. Enshrined in every youth's heart is an ideal—some fellow-student or associate perhaps, whom he has weighed and not found to be lacking, who is, in his opinion, all that is clean and brave and manly. In short, we must have ideals, and do our utmost to live up to them whether we succeed or not.

Way back in the early ages, men started out to win their spurs and accolade, and in the heart of each was an ideal,—an ideal incomparably sweet, nobler, finer, he thought, than all others, which urged him on to greater effort, thus helping him to win his knighthood and the lovely lady of his dreams. The old order has changed, of course, yet the person who is devoid of ideals, who has no high and pure aspiration, nothing for which to strive and hope and pray, is hopelessly lost—groping blindly in the darkness for a way out to sunlight, people, laughter and life. In the long run, the boy who gets the most out of life is the boy with an ideal, for he believes that he was born for a purpose, and that somewhere a mission lies waiting for him. He may not be extraordinarily clever or brilliant, in truth, the so-called intellectual person is not always the one who lives longest in the hearts of his fellow-men, but he will cling fast to his ideals, and learn how to live a clean and wholesome life, for only in that way can he win the love and respect of mankind.

We have it from our much beloved Lowell himself that "not failure but low aim is crime." In that line he has delightfully defined the work "ideal." We would say that it is something precious beyond the price of rubies and sapphires, a gem exquisitely beautiful, and that which should be enshrined as a sacred thing. For the sake of an ideal or ideals, wars have been fought and won, seas have been sailed, trails blazed and distant crusades made. All down thru time's corridors, ideals have played their part, and they will undeniably be in vogue as long as the world, itself, shall stand, or at least as long as man shall exist.

Erma I. Reed, '27.

On a Map of Europe

Soft, royal purple— Memories of a glorious past, Dreams of a greater future, Scene of many wars, Purple France!

High mountains in the sunlight, And Spanish beauties taking their siesta In the patio; Golden tinkling of a fountain, Gold-brown Spain!

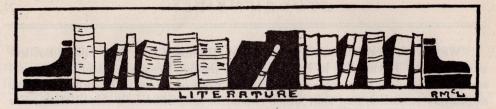
Smooth fields
Stretching out beyond the walls of Rome,
Ruins seen against the sky,
And sheep pasturing
In green Italy.

Soft, rosy afterglow of sunset On snow-capped peaks, Little villages nestling in the valleys, Quaint, storied cities, Switzerland—all pink.

Gold sparkling,
Busy streets in busy towns,
Stern faces,
Slow moving barges in rivers
Rushing thru yellow Germany.

Europe, all laid out before me In little patches Of color Just a map!

M. H. Bastow,



Three Times and Out

ORRISVILLE, a city of twelve thousand inhabitants, was noted for nothing more than its export of flower seeds, its new hospital, and its boastful citizens, the most distinguished of whom were the Messrs. Whitcomb and Morris, joint owners of the Morris & Whitcomb Seed Company.

Our story deals mostly with the sixteen year old scion of the House of Morris. He was at the present moment walking moodily home from school laden with all kinds of books for the evening's study. Gilbert Morris, better known as "Gil", was peeved, not with everyone in general but with himself in particular. He had lived, uncomplainingly, under the stern rule of his father, Stanley P. Morris, pompous president of the Morris & Whitcomb Seed Company, for sixteen years and now the seed of rebellion had been sown in his heart. The elder Morris had brought "Gil" up with an iron hand and believed that young men should attend to their studying or work, if it was necessary for them to work, without giving the least thought to the frivolities of life.

"Boys are men in the making", he was wont to say, "and I'm going to train my boy to be an industrious, serious-minded man." And "Gil" had acquiesed silently. But today "Gil" came plodding home with a heavy heart thinking of the studying which he was supposed to do that evening, but which he had been influenced not to do by accidentally overhearing a conversation between Susie Whitcomb, whom he admired with all the enthusiasm of his sixteen year old heart, and "Al" Bridgman, a pal in whom he had never lost confidence.

"I don't care whether "Gil" finds it out or not. If I'm invited to a dance, I'm going no matter who asks me. "Gil" may have nicer clothes and more money than the other boys, but money can't buy spirit and he's absolutely dead from the feet up. He has the same routine for every day; eight-fifteen to one-thirty, school; one-thirty to six, study; six to seven-fifteen, dinner, and after that some lecture or more study. He's one of the goody-goody kind, no life at all, no pep, no vim. I can't stand that kid."

Such were the sentiments of Susie, the spoiled daughter of the other member of the firm of Morris & Whitcomb Seed Company. The ideas of her father concerning the bringing up of a child were in direct contrast to those of his partner. Susie had everything she desired except a shingle-bob and she was determined to get that.

"Your ideas are all right as far as you're concerned", protested "Al," "but what will "Gil" think when he knows I've been taking you to dances and shows?"

"Well, never mind arguing about "Gil" now", was the short reply. "The more I think of him, the more I wish I could get a chance to bounce a brick off that thing on his neck. I'll see you later, I must go now."

"Gil" had been thinking seriously of this conversation ever since he had overheard it. Indeed he had been called on in French class while dreaming of a method of making her regret her words—committing suicide perhaps or running away. Of course, he had not heard the question asked and consequently he had failed in his recitation, a rare occurrence, which had caused snickers from some other members of the class.

Now he was splashing along the wet sidewalks in a thin, drizzle of rain, firmly resolved to do some hair-raising act of brayery or daring as soon as possible. Upon arriving home, however, his thoughts of dare-devil deeds were somewhat chilled by the frigid, formal atmosphere. So, after greeting his invalid mother, he went to his room, planning, as Hamlet did, to postpone the enactment of his resolution. He plunged into his Latin, and soon was entirely enveloped in Cicero's "Second Oration against Cataline." Once he thought he heard his father's voice, and glancing out the window, he saw his parent closing the door of the family sedan, a Lincoln. Suddenly, like a flash, an idea came to his mind which made him start, letting Cicero and Cataline drop unheeded to the floor. Ouickly the idea developed until his whole body was thrilled by it. He saw his father enter the house and that was enough. Now was the time for his great act! He stole quickly down the stairs, stopped at the living room door and listened to the conversation going on within between his parents, and then nervously he tip-toed down the hall and out the front door. It was still raining, a fine, drizzling rain. "Gil" picked a daisy from a flower bed as he passed, and pulling off the petals one by one, he went thru the customary test, "Shall I or shall I not?" His trial ended with the affirmative answer so he immediately jumped into the car regardless of consequences, started the motor, and was off down the drive and on to the main thoroughfare between Chester and Morrisville. "Gil" had known how to drive for some time but had been allowed to use the car only on Sundays, when he drove with the family to church. The purr of the powerful engine was music to his ears, which tingled with excitement as he disregarded the orders of his austere parent. Impulse led him to push the accelerator farther down and soon the rumble of the engine informed the passers-by that Gilbert Morris was going at quite a bit more than his usual speed. "Gil" was not a skilful driver and the combination of his excitement and the slippery pavement did not lessen the danger to other drivers who were using this same road for business purposes.

Certainly it was no day for pleasure riding. The mud churned and splashed; the carskidded dangerously, but the throb of the motor brought a smile to "Gil's" face, a smile, which would make one believe that he was enjoying his ride immensely and was so accustomed to this kind of driving that he did not notice the frequent slurs and slides which the car was making. He rounded a sharp curve at a rapid speed, a thing which brought another smile to his lips as if he were congratulating himself on his skilfulness in manipulating the big machine. Then came accident number one. The rear end of the car skidded into a post which marked the boundaries of Chester and Barnes. This accident made him stop and examine the car for damage. He had ripped off the rear bumper. He smiled to himself at the thought of the excitement which must by this time be stirred up in his ordinarily quiet household. He jumped into the car and started off again, but had hardly gained speed when, directly in front of him, he saw a herd of cows being driven by two young boys. Unable to stop his machine, he hit one of the cows and knocked it

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over, but supposing that he had not hurt it severely, he drove on. "Accident number two", he exulted. The car was traveling about forty miles an hour thru the mud, doing as much for an auto as its namesake had done for his country.

"Gil" now came to a cross-roads, one road leading to Barnes, the other turning very sharply and leading back to Morrisville by a back road. Thinking that he had had enough driving, he decided to go back home. It was dangerous to take the curve at twenty-five miles an hour even with good road conditions, but "Gil" was out for thrills and was determined to get them. Cramping the wheel hard, he turned too sharply for the speed at which he was traveling, and the car skidded over a bank and into an iron rail fence. "Three times and out", he cried, and out he went, although he had not planned to leave the car so hastily, nor in just that manner.

A half hour later he was found by his father who had hired a taxi and pursued him, lying on the bank, face down, beside the wrecked car. He was rushed to the Morrisville hospital, where it was said that he had broken his right arm and had been badly cut and bruised but that otherwise he was not seriously injured.

The news of the whole affair was at once printed in the "Morrisville Times" which regaled its readers with a highly colored account of what it termed his attempt to "run away."

"When "Gil's" father went to demand an explanation of his son's folly, he was told, much to his disgust, that "Gil" had a young lady caller and did not wish to be disturbed. Mr. Morris went to the door and listened.

"But you know I didn't mean what I told "Al" about you. I just said it without thinking anything about it. You know yourself that you never go out much, and I, for one, don't believe it is your fault either. Your father is a regular old slave-driver to hold you down the way he does. See how badly you are hurt just because you tried to show what a real hero you are. I like you to be brave and daring, and if your Dad has even half a heart, he'll let up on you after this. You keep on acting just as you did, only next time don't attempt suicide quite so vividly, and I'll bet you can keep Mr. Stanley P. Morris walking on pins."

Mr. Stanley P. Morris, listening outside the door, had heard enough. At this he tip-toed away with a broad smile on his usually stern face, a smile which meant happier days for "Gil". Then he presented his card at the office and asked to have it delivered to his son.

A. R. Pomeroy, '27.

A New Old-Storp

HERE in the world was she? Jack had seen her start down the stairs, and he had run out by the rear entrance of the school-building and had hastened around to the front to meet her, but as yet she hadn't appeared. Well, he intended to wait forever if necessary. He leaned against the building and—Oh! there she was. He started forward eagerly, stopped, stared and then strolled nonchalantly along. She was with another fellow! Jack had seen this young man several times during the day. He was not a student at that school, but had been visiting, and now he had stolen Jack's girl! Well, Jack would see about that.

By this time the three were within speaking distance. Jack mumbled a greeting and continued his stroll when—

"Oh Jack", called Sybil, "I want you to meet an old friend of mine who used to live next-door to us before he moved away. Mr. Rhodes meet Mr. Robbins."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Rhodes", murmured Jack.

"Robbins?" queried Rhodes, "Then you must be the new pitcher who has had such success on the team this year."

Jack nodded.

"Oh, yes", explained Sybil, "Jack's our star pitcher this year. He's going to pitch Saturday."

"I see", said Rhodes with a grin. "Well, Mr. Robbins, I'm very glad to have met you and hope we may meet again some time soon."

"I hope so", seconded Jack without enthusiasm. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye", replied Rhodes. "And Oh, by the way, if you have time, stop in at Sybil's house and see me. I'm staying there for a short time. We used to be old friends you know."

"I will", Jack heard himself say.

He stood there as in a daze while the other two walked away. Used to be old friends did they! And he staying at her house! Why, what right had he? Jack was becoming jealous. Finally, he turned and walked slowly home. He spent the afternoon doing odd jobs around the house, ate his supper in silence, and went to bed early in order to be well prepared for the big baseball game on the morrow between Johnstown Academy and Essex High School in which he was to pitch for Essex.

After a restless night, Jack awoke to find the weather perfect for a baseball game. Jack was grouchy. He couldn't forget the incident of the day before. The thought of his girl with another fellow haunted him, and it was in no amiable frame of mind that he started out that afternoon for the ball-field. He wondered if the two were going to the game and if— Why there they were ahead of him and they were going in the direction of the field! It seemed rather early for the fans to be going, but perhaps they weren't going directly to the park. Jack would follow along and see. However, two of Jack's team-mates overtook him and persuaded him to take a short-cut, so he lost track of his quarry, although he could not cease thinking of them.

During the preliminary practice just before the game, Jack became more and more irritated and nervous. It seemed to affect his pitching. This was not like him. Usually he was a calm, clear-headed fellow who could be depended on in a pinch. Today it seemed to be different. His team-mates wondered what the trouble was.

At last the great moment arrived. Jack determined to show Sybil and her friend what he could do and what a fine player he was. He succeeded admirably at first, for he struck out the first opposing batter in one, two, three order. Then, unluckily, he happened to catch a glimpse of Sybil with a young man at her side.

"Rhodes", Jack thought. "Sybil with another fellow! Why—"
"Ball one", shouted the umpire. Oh! Jack would like to get his hands on that fellow!

"Ball two."

Even if Rhodes did take Sybil out, why should he take her where Jack was and —"Ball three", yelled the umpire. Here! Here! This would never do. Jack must keep his mind on the game, but to think that his girl—

"Take your base", Jack heard the umpire say.

This brought Jack back to stern realities. He was playing a game for his school and it was up to him to do his best to win! This wasn't his best. Well, he would "walk" no more men that day. The next batter looked familiar. Jack looked closer. Surely it couldn't be—but yes, it was! It was Rhodes! Ah! that was why he and Sybil had started for the game so early. Here was Jack's chance to win back Sybil! If he could only show himself the better player and strike Rhodes out! He would try. But Jack's luck seemed to be against him. Rhodes hit the first pitched ball for a double, leaving a man on second and one on third, with one out! Jack's heart sank, then suddenly he realized that if he could get out of this pinch, Sybil would be very proud of him. He gritted his teeth and pitched in a way to delight his school-mates and the coach. He struck out the next two men.

However, the game had just begun. So far Rhodes had proven the better man. Now it was up to Jack to show how well he could hit. Much to his surprise it was Rhodes who stepped into the pitcher's box. Jack delighted his school-mates by getting a single. He got no farther, for the next three men struck out.

Neither side scored until the eighth inning when, with one man on second, Rhodes hit to right-field, his long drive being misjudged by the fielder. The man on second scored.

Nothing happened until the last of the ninth when Jack banged out a double. He was advanced to third on a sacrifice and with two down, Malcolm, Jack's catcher, flied out to center field.

Essex had lost. Jack had failed. He walked off the field broken-hearted, put on his everyday clothes and started slowly home. He had gone only a short distance when he heard foot-steps behind him and—

"Oh Jack", called out Sybil. "I was very proud of you today."

Jack stared at her.

"It was too bad we lost", she continued, "but you played wonderfully. You got a hit nearly every time but your team-mates didn't support you. It was their fault, not yours that we lost."

Jack laughed happily. All was not lost. "Oh, come now", he said, "you know I played rotten ball."

"Now Jack."

"Oh, all right. Say, there's a good show on tonight. Let's go."

W. D. N., '25.

G. Kennedy: "Are all teachers bookworms?"

J. MacIntosh: "No, Geometry teachers are angle-worms."

Mr. Russell: "Your answer is as clear as mud."

C. Trudell: "Well, it covers the ground, doesn't it?"

"Professor" Atwood, Pitcher

All baseball candidates out for practice, Monday, April 2.

R. W. Benton, Coach

O read the notice posted on the bulletin board at Brent Academy, which explained the crowd of boys gathered around it. Baseball! Already they could see the baseball diamond, could hear the crack of the bat as it met the ball and the slap-slap as the ball struck that new leather glove. So, for a minute, the cheerless April day was changed into a warm summer one. Then the boys began to walk away in groups, talking eagerly of their hopes of "making" the team, of the way to hold the ball for an inshoot or how to grip the bat in order to become a second Babe Ruth.

Over in the corner, however, one could have seen a tall, dark, quiet-appearing boy who did not seem to participate in the general conversation or to want to for that matter if one were to judge by the look on his face. He was Albert Atwood, otherwise known as "Professor" Atwood which nickname was due to the fact that he was very serious and studious. He was, in short, regarded by the rest as a "grind." He had not come to the academy over-burdened with wealth and so had determined to make the most of his studies in case that he might not be able to finish a four years' course. Unfortunately he decided that in order to spend a sufficient amount of time on his studies he would have no time to devote to athletics and so it was not known that he was a pitcher of no little ability. First impressions are indeed often lasting ones and so the other students, seeing that Atwood apparently took no interest in the athletic life of Brent Academy, promptly labeled him a "grind."

The next year when Atwood became better fixed financially and would have liked to try out for the team, the boys did not ask him to join them and remembering their previous year's attitude toward him, he decided to wait for another year.

Another year came but Atwood felt himself farther separated from the rest of the school than ever before and so once more he watched others lose and win games and receive the praise and blame that came their way. This year, however, he felt that he must have some practice. For this purpose he sought out a freshman known as "Red" Murphy whom he had had occasion to meet. "Red", a thorough baseball fan and in his own estimation an excellent catcher, was easily persuaded to catch for Atwood two hours every afternoon and, with a confidence and gusto worthy of a much older player, he would comment on the pitching. Anyone passing the field could have heard cries of "Dandy", "Right over the plate", "Just a little wide" or "Some speed to that one" and invariably at the end of practice "Red", much im-

pressed by the pitcher's work, (with smarting hands due to a worn catcher's mitt as a reminder perhaps) would exclaim, "Gee, Professor, you ought to try out for the team all right. Say, why don't you?" It was too late now but next year he might was Atwood's customary reply.

Next year came—his last one. All during the fall and winter, things passed much as usual. Then came spring. Again such a notice appeared on the bulletin board as he had seen and always neglected in previous years. Persuaded to a great extent by the persistent urging of "Red" Murphy and realizing that it was his last year and his last chance to make good, he presented himself on the appointed day. Contrary to his expectations that no one would notice him, he was greeted on all sides, greeted, it is true by the name which signified him as a "grind" but, nevertheless, greeted. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad after all. Perhaps he would get a lot of fun out of it even if he didn't make the team. As he was considering such things as these, he heard the brisk but pleasant voice of Coach Benton inquiring "What position young man?"

Startled by this, Atwood replied hesitatingly, "Pitcher if you please, sir."

"All right, over there on the right with the group in Lanton's charge."

Lanton, why that was the fellow whose room was just two doors down the hall from his own. Good sort of chap he seemed to be, too.

"Well, Professor", were the first words that greeted him, "coming out to join the rest of the world beaters?"

Prompted by the friendly tone, Atwood replied, "I'm afraid I won't be a world beater but I'm coming out."

"Well, come right over and try throwing some to Burke here."

Although this was said in a friendly enough way, Lanton did not seem to expect any startling evidence of skill from Atwood but he soon received it. The first ball went like a bullet but a little wide.

"Not so bad," called out Lanton encouragingly. The next ball went even truer and finally when Atwood was warmed up, he put them over with such speed and yet with such control as amazed Lanton. He called to the coach.

"Hey, Coach, see what we caught."

The coach walked over and watched for a while and then said, "Humph, first team material I guess."

Thus Albert Atwood found his place and "made" the team.

Now that he was on the team he must show his worth. However, although he pitched his best, he was doomed to disappointment. In the first three games, although his men supported him well on the field, they could not seem to hit. Then things changed and Brent Academy won its next five games.

At last! The time for the big game came—the game that really counted—the one with Prentiss Academy. This team had been beaten in only one game during the season and it was with much apprehension that the Brentites looked forward to the big game.

The day came and as Atwood went to the baseball field, the thought that this was his last game for Brent Academy passed through his mind. The game began and from the first it was a pitcher's duel. Jim Mercer, pitching for Prentiss Academy

was a star and soon the crowd began to speculate on which pitcher would crack first. Until the fifth imning the score remained 0-0. Then Prentiss Academy pushed over a run for which Atwood blamed himself. The first man up had hit the ball through the pitcher's box and while Atwood managed to touch it, in doing so he knocked it aside. By the time he had recovered it and thrown it to the first baseman, the runner was safe. Later he scored the run for Prentiss Academy. The game continued until the seventh inning when, by two hits and an error, Brent Academy scored one run. The score was 1-1 now and seemed unlikely to change.

Brent Academy went up to bat in the last half of the ninth. If they could only score one run the game was theirs but one run looked pretty big when considering the fact that it had taken seven innings to get the first run. Brown, the first man up, brought the crowd to its feet by singling. Then Mercer, a little unsettled, passed the next man. The players on the bench kept calling out, "Two on and nobody down, here's our chance." But in an another instant the Brent side of the grand stand was swept with a groan for the next batter knocked the ball toward second base where the shortstop gathered it in, touched second base and threw the ball to third completing a double play. Now the game seemed hopeless for there were two out, a man only on first base and the pitcher up.

With cries of "Win your own ball game and "A double will do it", ringing in his ears "Professor" Atwood stepped to the plate. It was up to him. Whether Brent Academy won or lost depended upon whether he himself won or lost. He must win! The first was a ball, then a strike, next a foul.

"Strike two", the umpire droned.

When the next ball came, Atwood met it and drove it into deep center. The man on first was off at the crack of the bat. Around the bases he sped; he reached third, glanced around for a fraction of a second and started for home. Meanwhile however, the center fielder had relayed the ball in. As the runner neared home, the ball came in too. Which was first? Never did a defeated Roman gladiator look at the Emperor as eagerly to see whether or not it was "thumbs down" as did that crowd watch the umpire, and then a shout of exultation went up as he spread his hands out—safe!

Brent Academy had won and in a large measure this was due to Atwood. He was carried off the field on the shoulders of his eager school-mates. Cheer after cheer rang out and every little while could be heard "Professor Atwood". Truly this was as great recognition as an athlete could wish to receive. With the cheers still ringing in his ears Atwood thought of the three years he had wasted. He thought of what good fellows all his team mates were and, remembering his own reticence and the reception given him by his school mates, he realized that if a person will go his half of the distance others will go theirs.

Lois Young, '25.

W. Yates: "What do they mean by 'College bred'? Is it any different from any other kind of bread?"

V. Blais: "College bred is a four year's loaf."



POETRY

Apple Blossom Time

Apple blossom time is here—in the month of May,
The birds are warbling out their joy—all the live long day,
Sweet odors filter thru the air beneath the golden sun,
The fleecy clouds drift slowly by—for blossom time has come.

And May has starred the waiting fields, and earth is at its morn, And blossoms pink as baby's lips, the gnarled old trees adorn, And from the scented apple boughs a robin's voice is calling, While petals sifting thru the air seem like the snowflakes falling.

How sweet the lovely memories of apple blossom time,
The fragrance of those happy days, the harmony sublime,
When Spring her portals opens wide to sunshine's golden ray
And greets the fairest month of all, the blossom month of May.

Anna Coleman, '27.

Wind

O, wind, wind, wild blowing wind, You are my gypsy lover. I know because you've brought me scents Straight from the red-brown heather.

You often times have kissed me When you thought I was unaware, And once you brought a golden leaf And placed it in my hair.

Elaine Carruthers.

Spring Thoughts

'Tis Spring

And at this time we think of love,

Light hearts

And faces brightened by the sun above,

Day dreams

And castles built high in the air,

Fond looks

From many a lad to maiden fair,

Soft winds

That float about and bid us play,

Sweet hopes

With which we greet each golden day.

Monica M. J. Killeen, '25

The Return

A blotch of red in the ashen sky,
The night lights fade and slowly die.
A rabbit darting through the brush,
The distant song of a hermit thrush,
A violet nods in a swampy bed,
Confused chatterings overhead,
A brooklet singing its early song
Splashed a sleepy fern as it went along,
A startling glance of a scarlet wing—
All heralding the return of Spring.

Faith E. Packard.

Smilin' Folks

We like to meet the folks that smile, They always bring us cheer, Our sorrows cannot long remain When smilin' folks are near.

They fill our hearts with sunshine, Drive out all care and gloom, And as for any dreary thoughts There is but little room.

So, when you're feeling cheerful And think that life's worth while, Just tell the world about it With a friendly, sunny smile.

Monica M. J. Killeen.

Rain

Gray hills, gray skies
That blend in hazy mist
Of rain
To make gray background for the trees;
Houses and trees, and people passing by,
All dimly outlined,
Nothing clear or real.
Even the faltering thoughts that slowly come
Into my mind are vague and clad in mist.
Gray skies, gray world, gray thoughts,—
A rainy day.

M. H. Bastow.



BOOK REVIEWS



A Calm Review of a Calm Man

O those who enjoy reading biographies, "A Calm Review of a Calm Man", which has just recently been published, will prove both extremely interesting and delightful. It is the biography of the former president of the United States—Warren Gamaliel Harding, and is written by Samuel G. Blythe, one of the ablest and foremost political observers of America. Mr. Blythe was a very intimate friend of the late president and in consequence is quite capable of presenting to us this fair and sympathetic summary of the administration and personality of a great leader of men.

It may be interesting to know the important milestones which mark the pathway of President Harding's successful political and private career. These are as follows:-

- I. Born in Blooming Grove, Morrow County, Ohio, November 2, 1865.
- II. Began career as a newspaper editor, November 26, 1884.
- III. Elected to Ohio State Senate, his first political office, November 6, 1898
- IV. Elected Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, November 3, 1903.
- V. Defeated as Republican candidate for Governor, November 8, 1910.
- VI. Elected to United States Senate, November 3, 1914.
- VII. Nominated for the Presidency, June 12, 1920.
- VIII. Elected President of the United States, November 2, 1920.
- IX. Inaugurated as President, March 4, 1921.
- X. Died August 2, 1923.

Although in the future, other books larger than this one may be published about President Harding, no book can actually surpass "A Calm Review of A Calm Man" in the presentation of such an impressive picture of a great American giving his best to his country.

Ione C. Howard, '26.

So Big

N many cases to call a modern novel "popular" is to condemn it to the mind of the intelligent reader. However, in "So Big", Miss Ferber has produced a work which is popular with the great mass of readers and endorsed also by the most critical.

The theme of "So Big" is an old one, that of a mother's struggle to surmount great difficulties in order to attain the desired advantages for a beloved son. Selina De Jong, the mother, is a character in whom indomitable strength of mind both mingles and conflicts with a wistfulness of soul and a natural frailty of body. She is so essentially "human", so sincere, and so eager at every age and under all circumstances that no one can withstand the fascination of the story built around her life.

Although I have heard that Miss Collene Moore has given a very pleasing interpretation of Selina on the motion picture screen, nevertheless, I avoided seeing this picture myself lest the screened version of the story might confuse or lessen my own poignant conception of it.

M. Smith, '26.

Abbe' Pierre

FTER reading "Abbe' Pierre" I have a great curiosity to know the author of such an unusual book. Jay William Hudson could be no less unique than his writing, and certainly he must be very courageous to put such a book upon the market among all the brilliance, sophistication and cleverness of the year's literature. "Abbe' Pierre" possesses none of these characteristics. It is simple, unaffected, deeply thoughtful and inspiring. It is not a book to put on the library table with leaves carefully cut, but rather a book to place in the intimate collection of your own book-case.

"Abbe Pierre" is really only a remarkable picture of a remarkable man—the record of a man's thoughts, reminiscences and hopes. Abbe Pierre is the old French priest of a little Gascon village. He is very human and real with his little faults and prejudices and his sensitiveness to criticism. It is this impression we have of a real contact with him that endears him to us. One unconsciously adds "Monsieur L'Abbe" to his list of friends—a little bigger and finer than most of them but just as near and intimate.

The Abbe' has the most beautiful thoughts. The chapters "At Night" and "Pipes of Pan" are not just ordinary prose; they are poems, lyric prose, if you like. But the beauty of which he writes changes mere words into poetry, sometimes low and softly rhythmical, sometimes clear and soaring high.

Then, for those who demand a "story", there is the sweet romance of David Ware and Germaine Sance of Aignon, running through the book, sometimes only intimated by a word or a sentence until the end, with the Abbe's reflection on love and death—the love of Germaine and David, and the tragedy of Marius Fontan, the poet.

One lays down "Abbe' Pierre" with a sigh of regret and satisfaction—regret that it had to end at all and satisfaction at finding a book that appeals not wholly to the emotions and not entirely to the intellect. For the Abbe' is so cosmopolitan in his provincial village and so broad-minded in spite of his limited experience that he writes for every person, everyone with a mind and a heart and a desire to live fully and usefully.

M. E. Tompkins, '26.

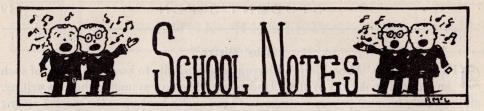
In a Shantung Garden

By Louise Jordan Miln

N a Shantung Garden" is a very pleasing and interesting novel. It concerns the adventures of a young business man who is sent to China by his father to investigate an important mine there.

The connecting link for Tom Drew in China is his former acquaintance in Harvard, with a Chinese student, who flings wide open to him the gates of an ancient Chinese garden. Here, indeed, is a place of enchantment and mystery. It is in this garden that Tom Drew finds adventure, and it is also here that he meets the only girl that he can ever love, but she is a Chinese girl who has been educated in England. The outcome of this strange affair is very interesting—but I shall not tell you any more as it would spoil the story.

Margaret McCourt, '25.



A Visit from a Big Brother

The students of Pittsfield High School received an unexpected treat in the form of an assembly April 30th. It was held in two sections as is now the custom, but that did not make it the less interesting for either section.

Mr. Kahl of the Rotary Club introduced the speaker, Mr. Charles Brandon Booth, now leader of the Big Brother and Big Sister movement in the United States. Just as we had become chilled first by the abominable weather and then by the thoughts of the usual eventless school day, Mr. Booth walked right into our hearts and with his wonderful enthusiasm kindled new fires to warm us. He furnished us with a new incentive and higher ideals. He pictured ourselves to us as we really are. We were carried back to the days of his boyhood and young manhood. He brought us through a strenuous but wonderful football game every detail of which he pictured with vividness.

Most important of all, however, were the underlying morals which he brought home to us by his stories, namely, know yourself, appreciate yourself, and give yourself. Mr. Booth gave a two hour speech in one hour, yet, we had no trouble in hearing every word of it.

The students received him enthusiastically and would be glad to welcome him back to P. H. S. at anytime.

Charlotte Chapman '26.

Athletic Honors

An assembly was held in the auditorium May 14th, for the purpose of presenting the letters for basketball.

William Hetsler, chairman of the program committee of the Students' Council, introduced Liston Tanner, president of the Council, who presided. Francis Kennedy from Commercial, the first speaker, boosted the track meet. Peter Gardin, the next speaker, reviewed the basketball games. Charlie Coyle complimented the school on its basketball team and besought the students to back up the baseball team. The "Agony Sextette" gave a few amusing songs. Three members—Bob Goodman, Billy Whalen, and "Duch" Ringie, survived the epidemic of stage-fright and had to represent the whole sextette. They did it admirably.

Principal Strout gave a very appropriate presentation speech before giving the letters to the boys. The following boys received letters: Capt. Bob Heister, Eddie Stickles, Arnold Rose, Ralph Garner, Fred Almstead, "Hank" Garrison, "Sid" Cusick, Fay Controy, Tommy Doyle, and Manager Maynard Robbins. A new system of certificates was inaugurated. Each certificate tells the past history of each player. During the assembly, cheers were given for the speakers.

Then Chairman Hetsler brought up the matter of whether the members of the athletic teams should receive gold footballs or basketballs, or whether they should

STUDENT'S PEN

21

receive sweaters, or merely the letters. The Student's Council drew up a set of resolutions concerning this matter, which will be presented to the students later.

Francis Kennedy gave a vocal solo which was very much enjoyed. Then Coach Carmody spoke on the outlook for the track team. He said that the boys, thru their willingness to sacrifice their trip to Yale to attend and participate in the Berkshire meet, would go to both meets; such good spirit is every where evident in the student body.

This assembly was very much enjoyed and it is hoped we shall have more features.

Harriet Moses, '26.

Senior A Class Rotes

Although you would hardly believe it, there was a foolish mortal (he is now under observation) who did not go to the Senior "Hop." The following are questions asked by him on the morning of May 23rd.

"Where'd you go last night?"

"Well, where else would I go but to the Senior "Hop."

"Have a good time?"

"What a foolish question! We certainly did and say but the music was good!"

"What class ran it?"

"Why the June class of 1925 of course! The success of the dance explains that."

So this conversation indicates, the night of May 22nd was one long to be remembered due to the efforts of the Committee consisting of Helen Patten, Elizabeth Bradley, Norman Hollister, Francis Kennedy, Mary Broderick and Clara Brooks. Good feeling and fun prevailed on all sides and it is to be hoped that the Junior "Prom" will be as big a success.

Lois Young, Sec'y.

Senior B

The smartest ring that ever graced the finger of a Pittsfield High School student is now in the possession of the Senior B Class. The ring committee consisting of Marion Barbour, Marguerite May, William Whalen, Victor Blais and Wilfred Blais are to be complimented on their good taste and judgment.

C. Chapman, '26.

Junior A

The Junior A Prom committee is going strong! At a meeting held Wednesday, May 13, many definite plans were considered in preparation for the dance to be held June 12, at the Girls' League "Gym". Programs, tickets, decorations, refreshments and music were decided upon. We know the Prom is going to be a huge success. What do you think of our artist, Ray Pilon, who made the posters displayed in the corridors? Aren't they "pretty keen?" They are merely a sample of how good the Prom will be.

Lila Burns, '26.

Classical Association

Mr. Goodwin attended the Twentieth Annual Meeting of The Classical Association of New England which was held this year at Harvard University and Radcliffe College at Cambridge, April 3rd and 4th. He reported a very enjoyable and helpful program. The opening session began Friday morning at ten o'clock with a welcome by President Lowell of Harvard and a witty response by Dean Paul Nixon, President of the Association. In addition to several Harvard speakers there were many eminent professors from Yale, Brown, University of Maine, Columbia, Trinity College, Wheaton and Holy Cross College, as well as teachers from various academies and Latin schools of New England. Each speaker selected subjects dealing with the classics, their teachings and the new methods of teaching them. Throughout the meeting a real Latin atmosphere prevailed, and even in the dining room, the menus being printed entirely in Latin. Thus a thorough knowledge of the language was required in order to enable one to fit the ancient words of the Romans to the names of our modern foods. True classical music was furnished for the assembly by the Harvard Glee Club. Mr. Goodwin's report of the meeting was an inspiration to the Latin department at P. H. S.

Charlotte Thurston.

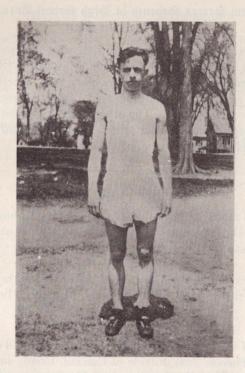
Educational Conference

A most interesting and educational program took place in Pittsfield on Friday and Saturday, May 1st and 2nd when the spring meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools was held at the Hotel Wendell and the Pittsfield High School. Dr. John F. Gannon, Superintendent of Schools, was chairman of the local committee of arrangements of which our principal, Mr. Strout, was an active member. The speakers included Mayor Francis, Mrs. Franklin, Dean of Women from Boston University, President Kenneth Sills of Bowdoin College, Dean Otis E. Randall of Brown University, and several other people of high standing in colleges and schools of New England. One meeting was held Friday evening, May 1st, at the Hotel Wendell when the Pittsfield High Orchestra and Glee Club were given the honor of furnishing the music for the evening. On Saturday morning the educators gathered in the high school auditorium to discuss administrative problems. Many of the members of our faculty attended. Mr. Francis H. Burke, formerly teacher of Greek at Pittsfield High School and now Vice-Principal of the Weaver High School in Hartford, Connecticut, was among those present.

Charlotte Thurston.

Cross-word Puzzles

The cross-word puzzle, the latest nation-wide fad, has found its way into the class-room and has proved to be of some benefit to the pupils. In their respective classes, Miss Wentworth and Mr. Innis have successfully used the puzzles called the "Mosaique Mysterieuses Reponses." Worked out in attractive designs, implied by their name "Mosaique," they have presented an appealing and fascinating bit of work. They have afforded the French students much amusement and enjoyment and have helped to stimulate their interest in the foreign language. In comparison with puzzles used in certain colleges, the ones employed in our school have been shown to be more difficult and intricate.



"Chuck" Edwards, who has been running the mile for Pittsfield the last three years, took fourth place in that event at Yale. Last year Edwards won the mile run in the Interscholastic Track Meet, held at Williams College.

Pittsfield High Track Team Opens Season at R. P. J. Interscholastic Meet

The track team went to Troy on May second but failed to score. The meet was a very fast one in spite of the water-soaked track.

Merrill Tabor went as far as the semi-final heat in the 220-yard dash. He won the trial heat of that event and qualified for the semi-finals of the 100-yard dash by taking second place in the trial heat, but Coach Carmody took him from the shorter event in order to save him for the other. Clarence Trudell was bothered with a sprained ankle which prevented him from placing in the 100-yard trial heat.

"Bert" Heaney ran in the fastest heat of the 440-yard dash and secured fourth' place but failed to qualify. "Bill" Crowley became tangled up at the start of his heat of the quarter mile and was thrown, but he made a game but unsuccessful fight for a place.

The mile and half mile fields were very large both having over fifty entries. William Cox, national one mile and cross-country champion, ran in the mile event.

• Of the twenty-nine schools entered only thirteen scored and of these only five scored more than ten points.

Track Team Scores Seventh in High School Events at Pale Interscholastic Meet

Of the seventeen high school teams which were entered at the Yale interscholastic track meet at Yale Field, New Haven, May 16th, "Chuck" Edwards took fourth place in the mile, while the mile relay team took fourth place in its event. The relay team did very well considering that "Bert" Heaney was the only man who had run a quarter mile before. The other members of the relay team were (in order they ran) George Donald, first; Donald Ringie, second; Howard Hulsman, third; and Herbert Heaney, anchor man.

Between Pittsfield and New Haben

The track team made its headquarters at the Hotel Duncan at New Haven, Friday evening. All the contestants in the Yale track meet attended a banquet at the Hotel Taft on Saturday.

Members of the team donated the use of their cars for the trip to New Haven. Those who donated them were Coach Carmody, Manager "Bob" Shepardson, and "Slim" Salo.

* * * *

The members of the team who rode in "Slim's" Ford, did considerable running other than in New Haven. Just outside of Canaan, Conn., on the way down, the Ford lost a tire and Clarence Trudell did a bit of fast cross country running through the fields for it. On the way back the Ford suffered another puncture three miles the other side of Windsor, and it was necessary to ride home on the rim. Those in "Bob" Shepardson's car met the Ford travellers in Dalton—they were putting burlap on the rim for a tire so as not to awaken the residents of that town and Pittsfield, as they drove through. The burlap did not stay on very long. Clarence Trudell, who was doing the driving at the wheel of the Ford, thought that the rear rim made too much noise on the paving of Tyler street, so decided to run on the car tracks. When he tried to turn out, the rim came off and Salo was forced to chase it several blocks down the street.

George Donald and Ralph Conway were in the back of Salo's Ford with no slickers on and had to ride home from Springfield in the rain, the top of the car being down. Both were glad to climb into "Shep's" car.

* * * *

Several members of the team stopped in Hartford on the way back, to see Sherman Beers, formerly of the high school, who is now at Trinity college. They got rather twisted and entered by way of the coal bin and shower baths. They came out by way of the fire escape.

There were several students from the high school who attended the meet. They were "Ed" Condron, George Le Barnes, Fred Lumus, Don Curtis, Del Johnson and "Chuck" Owen.

Searles Defeats Pittsfield High

Wednesday, April 29th, Searles High won from P. H. S. at Wahconah Park by a score of 5 to 4. The visitors obtained three runs in the second inning, but Pittsfield tied the score with a rally in the seventh that netted three points. However, in the next inning the team from Great Barrington forged to the lead again. Connelly was on the peak for Pittsfield while Mulhal twirled for Searles.

Mulhal—Winning	C	onn	elly	—Losing pitcher	Umpire—Clark									
SEARLES							PITTSFIELD							
	ab	h	po	a	e	r		ab	h	po	a	e	r	
Healy, 2b	5	0	5	2	1	0	Angelo, 3b	5	3	1	1	0	1	
Rouhier, ss	5	1	4	4	1	1	Meagher, cf	5	2	4	0	0	0	
Collins, lb	4	0	7	2	1	0	Garner, ss	4	0	1	0	2	0	
Fulco, c	4	3	8	0	0	1	Whalen, lb	4	1	11	0	2	0	
Mulhal, p	4	0	0	1	0	1	Daniels, 2b	4	1	4	5	1	0	
Viola, lf	5	2	0	0	0	1	Campion, rf	4	2	0	0	0	1	
Bubriski, cf	5	3	0	0	0	1	Stickles, lf	3	1	1	0	0	1	
Magadini, lf	5	0	1	1	0	0	Combs, c	3	0	6	1	0	1	
Conte, 3b	4	1	2	2	0	0	Connelly, p	3	0	0	5	5	0	

Pittsfield High Scores Seventeen Runs as It Wins over Lenox

Saturday, May 9th, the Pittsfield High School baseball team defeated Lenox at Lenox by a score of 17 to 0. Connelly allowed only one hit while his team mates scored 24. He struck out thirteen men while the two Lenox pitchers struck out six Pittsfield men.

Every Pittsfield man secured at least one hit. "Pep" Angelo had the best record, getting five hits out of six trips to the plate. "Chuck" Sullivan made a triple, two doubles and a single out of six times at bat. "Ted" Combs was robbed of a hit when Antivelli made a beautiful catch of his drive toward third base.

The score:		
PITTSFIELD	HIGH	

TINT	OTT	TIT	OTT
LEN	IIX	HI	
TATAL 1	CTT	1. 1. 1.	CILI

	ab	r	bh	po	a	e		ab	r	bh	po	a	e
Angelo, 3b													
Daniels, ss	4	1	1	1	2	2	Granes, 2b	4	0	0	3	0	0
Whalen, cf	6	0	1	3	0	1	Noonan, cf	3	0	0	3	1	0
Meagher, If	6	3	5	0	0	0	Gilligan, lf	4	0	1	2	2	0
Price, rf	5	2	3	0	0	0	Gregory, 2b	2	0	0	10	0	0
Sullivan, 2b	6	3	4	1	2	0	Duclos, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Nolan, 2b	4	3	2	9	0	0	Dalavalle, p	2	0	0	0	1	1
Combs, c	6	2	2	13	0	0	Antinelli 3	3	0	0	3	1	0
Connelly, p	4	1	1	0	2	0	Bartoni, c	2	0	0	5	1	0
							Higgins, p	1	0	0	0	1	0
							Brown, c	2	0	0	1	1	0

Connelly Pitches Pittsfield High to Ten to Nothing No-Hit No-Kun Win over Berkshire School in Opening Game

"Stretch" Connelly turned in a fine piece of pitching when he did the hurling for Pittsfield in its opening game with the Berkshire School in Sheffield on Saturday, April 18th. Connelly struck out nine men and walked only three. The last two, in the ninth inning, he passed intentionally. Ralph Garner came thru in the last half of the ninth inning with a catch that kept Berkshire from getting a single hit. With two men on bases and two out, he ran from his position at short stop into left field in back of third base, and made a bare hand catch of Levick's fly.

Pittsfield played almost "air-tight" ball while Berkshire made eight errors behind its two pitchers.

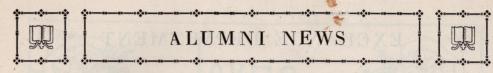
DED	MCHID	T C	CHOOL
DER	NOTH	L 0	HUO1.

	DEFENSIONE SCHOOL							
PITTSFIELD HIGH			ab	r	bh	po	a	e
		Monahan, ss						2
ab r bh po a	e	Martin, If	3	0	0	4	0	1
Meagher, rf 5 1 1 1 0	0	Levick, lb	4	0	0	7	0	0
Garner, ss 4 2 2 2 1	1	Gilbert, c	3	0	0	0	4	3
		Peck, rf						0
Heister, 2b 4 1 2 4 1	0	Lyman, cf	3	0	0	0	0	
		Hellyer, 3b						
Nolan, lb 4 6 0 3 0		Gardner, 2b						
Stickles, If 5/2/1 0 0	0	Teege, p						
	0	Bump, 2b						0
	0	Paige, p					-	
		Billings, 3b						
VY 91 IV		Garrison					0	0
Y MAD		——	1	U	U	U	U	0 .

Pittsfield High lost its first league game to Lee, Saturday, April 25th, by a score of 5 to 2. Rain halted the game after four and one-half innings had been played. Pittsfield used two pitchers, Connelly and Price, both of whom allowed nine hits while Ingram, who did the pitching for Lee, was touched for only three hits.

Price—Losing Pitcher Ingram—Winning pitcher Umpire—Tracy
LEE PITTSFIELD

							TITIOTICLD						
	ab	h	po	d	e	r		ab	h	po	e	e	r
Hadyen, lb	3	1	5	0	0	1	Meagher, rf	2	0	1	0	0	1
Burke, ss	2	1	0	2	0	2	Garner, ss	3	0	0	0	0	0
Shields, 3b	2	1	1	2	0	1	Daniels, 2b	2	1	1	0	0	1
Ingram, p	3	0	1	1	1	0	Whalen, If	1	0	0	0	0	0
Fenwick, cf	3	1	0	0	0	0	Campion, If	2	1	0	0	0	0
Charter, 2b	2	1	1	0	0	0	Nolan, lb	2	0	6	0	0	0
L. Aroldi, rf	1	0	1	1	0	1	Angelo, 3b	2	0	0	0	1	0
Griffith, c	2	2	6	0	0	0	Combs. c	2	0	1	1	0	0
A. Aroldi, c	2	2	6	0	0	0	Connelly n	2	1	0	9	0	1
and and a second	arix.					Ů	Price, p	1	7	0	0	0	1
							1 110c, p	1	U	U	U	U	U



Alumni Rotes

'21 The engagement of Blanche Olsted to Harry W. Hersum of Boston has recently been announced.

Bruce Humphreville, a junior at M. I. T., is a member of the chorus of the Tech show which recently filled a three day engagement at the Boston Opera House.

'22 Ray Hubbell and Ensign Foote are working at the Pittsfield National Bank.
Francis Wilbur is employed at the Agricultural Bank.

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Beauty

Misted April now has fled;
Gathered up her woodland gown.
Gone—but dropped her jewels behind her,
Dew drops sparkling on the ground.

Gone—but left behind her treasures By every brook, on every hill, Buds, to blossom into flowers And keep her memory with us still.

Gone—but the echo of her voice Lives in the murmuring of the sea, In the laughing of the brook, In the oriole's melody.

Elaine Carruthers.

Connelly Pitches Pittsfield High to Ten to Nothing No-Hit No-Kun Win ober Berkshire School in Opening Game

"Stretch" Connelly turned in a fine piece of pitching when he did the hurling for Pittsfield in its opening game with the Berkshire School in Sheffield on Saturday, April 18th. Connelly struck out nine men and walked only three. The last two, in the ninth inning, he passed intentionally. Ralph Garner came thru in the last half of the ninth inning with a catch that kept Berkshire from getting a single hit. With two men on bases and two out, he ran from his position at short stop into left field in back of third base, and made a bare hand catch of Levick's fly.

Pittsfield played almost "air-tight" ball while Berkshire made eight errors behind its two pitchers.

	BERKSHIRE SCHOOL												
PITTSFIELD	H	[G]	H					ab	r	bh	po	a	e
							Monahan, ss						2
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e	Martin, lf	3	0	0	4	0	1
Meagher, rf	5	1	1	1	0	0	Levick, lb	4	0	0	7	0	0
Garner, ss	4	2	2	2	1	1	Gilbert, c						3
Whalen (Capt.) cf	3	2	2	1	0	0	Peck, rf						0
Heister, 2b	4	1	2	4	1	0	Lyman, cf						0
Angelo, 3b	3	1	0	0	2	0	Hellyer, 3b						
Nolan, lb	4	1	0	9	0	0	Gardner, 2b						
Stickles, If	5	2	1	0	0	0	Teege, p						
Combs, c	3	0	1	9	1	0	Bump, 2b						
Connelly, p	4	0	0	1	3	0	Paige, p						
							Billings, 3b						0
							Garrison					0	0

Lee Bigh Wins from Dittsfield

Pittsfield High lost its first league game to Lee, Saturday, April 25th, by a score of 5 to 2. Rain halted the game after four and one-half innings had been played. Pittsfield used two pitchers, Connelly and Price, both of whom allowed nine hits while Ingram, who did the pitching for Lee, was touched for only three hits.

Price—Losing Pi	Ingram—winning pitcher Umpire—Tracy													
LEE			PITTSFIELD											
	ab	h	po	d	e	r		ab	h	po	e	e	r	
Hadyen, lb	3	1	5	0	0	1	Meagher, rf	2	0	1	0	0	1	
Burke, ss	2	1	0	2	0	2	Garner, ss	3	0	0	0	0	0	
Shields, 3b	2	1	1	2	0	1	Daniels, 2b	2	1	1	0	0	1	
Ingram, p	3	0	1	1	1	0	Whalen, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Fenwick, cf	3	1	0	0	0	0	Campion, If	2	1	0	0	0	0	
Charter, 2b	2	1	1	0	0	0	Nolan, lb	2	0	6	0	0	0	
L. Aroldi, rf	1	0	1	1	0	1	Angelo, 3b	2	0	0	0	1	0	
Griffith, c	2	2	6	0	0	0	Combs, c	2	0	4	1	0	0	
A. Aroldi, c	2	2	6	0	0	0	Connelly, p	2	1	0	2	0	1	
							Price, p	1	0	0	0	0	0	



Alumni Rotes

'21 The engagement of Blanche Olsted to Harry W. Hersum of Boston has recently been announced.

Bruce Humphreville, a junior at M. I. T., is a member of the chorus of the Tech show which recently filled a three day engagement at the Boston Opera House.

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EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT



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The Student's Pen acknowledges the following exchanges:

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- "The Catamount"—Bennington, Vt.
- "Volunteer"—Concord, N. H.
- "The Albanian"—St. Albans School, Washington, D. C.
- "The Red and Black"-Claremont, N. H.
- "M. H. S. Review"-Medford, Mass.
- "The Folio"—Flushing, N. Y.
- "The Argus" Gardner, Mass.
- "Review"—Lowell, Mass.
- "The Enfield Echo"—Thompsonville, Conn.
- "Student's Review"—Northampton, Mass. "The Maroon and White"—Bay State, N. Y.

Looking Out the Window

"The Hardwickian"—Hardwick, Vt.—You certainly have good cuts. We might suggest that you enlarge your Literary Department. Your stories are good but too short. Get your authors started! Why not help your Exchanges by commenting on their magazines? Your School Notes Department is very creditable to your paper.

"The Jabberwock", Girl's Latin School, Boston, Mass.—We were very glad to receive the March issue. You have a very fine magazine. We might suggest a few more cuts. Your Exchange Department is excellent. Why not enlarge your Joke Department? We should appreciate your comment on our magazine.

"The E. H. S. Record, Boston, Mass.—Your March issue was exceedingly good. Your Exchange Department is well arranged and very beneficial to your exchanges.

"Hallnotes", William H. Hall High School, West Hartford, Conn.—Your magazine is very well arranged and has very good cuts. For the first issue your paper is excellent and we send our best wishes for a successful future.

"The Jeffersonian", Rochester, N. Y.—Your cover was one of the most attractive of all the papers we received. If you would add the comments made on your paper to the exchange list, that department would be improved.

"The Emblem," Lewis High School, Soughington, Conn.—Your Exchange Department and School Notes are very well handled, but a few more stories would add greatly to your paper.

"Black and Red Review," Hannibal, Mo.—
Do you not think that it would be better to devote more space to your School Activities and your Literary Departments than to your Joke Department; it would be much more interesting. Why not criticize your Exchanges instead of publishing facts selected from these? It would be helpful to them as well as to you.

"R. H. S. Chips", Richmond, Vt.—Oh, what a nice fat magazine! It was full of the best literature! Such stories! You certainly have some very good authors, but we mustn't forget the poets. What clever little verses! Your Exchanges are good but too short. Let's hear from you again and soon.

"Spice", Norristown, Pa.—Such an attractive cover on your "Spring Number." But what a disappointment when we turned to your Literary Department. Have you no authors? Your Jokes and your cuts are fine. We like your idea of the School Calendar.

"Indicator", Fayetteville, N. Y.—A very clever magazine with many good authors, but where are the poets? Your "Alumni Number" is certainly very well written up. Your Jokes are fine and why not keep your Exchanges all together?

Looking in the Window

The Student's Pen—Your paper is well balanced. You have good poetry and literature.

The Winooski High School Banner, Winooski, Vt.

The Student's Pen-"A".

"The Taconic", Williamstown, Mass.

The Student's Pen—We like your magazine immensely, and always enjoy reading your splendid editorials. Clever, appropriate heading cuts would add to the attractiveness of your magazine. "Student's Pen" is one of our favorites.

"Libertas", Bethlehem, Pa.

The Student's Pen—You have a very well arranged and developed paper.

"The Record", Patchogue, New York.

The Student's Pen—You have a good magazine. Your book review is an interesting feature.

"The Review", Lowell, Mass.



JOKES



We hope these jokes are a success
Some will say no, some will say yes.
We've worked real hard and have done our best
And to you, students, we leave the rest.

Charles Owen.

PRIZE JOKE

F. Gamwell: (interrupting Osborne in Latin class) "Oh, Miss Mills, what is it that has three legs and a tail?"

Miss Mills: (rather irritated) "Don't be so foolish Osborne."

Charles Owen.

Miss Mills: "Where have we heard about these men before?"

N. Mango: "In the notes."

Mrs. McCubbin: "Go back to your class, Mr. Day. You drink after every period."

G. Day: "But this is such a dry country."

A. Nagelschmidt: (giving speech in 3rd period Latin class) "Pompey had five children and only three are now living."

Miss Mills: (in 3rd period Cicero class) "Who gave a talk on Pompey?" L. Feldman: "Cicero."

Pruyne: "Where did Loveless hit you?" Carpenter: "In the lunch room."

Stickles: (announcing his topic the day the class discussed vocations) "I took medicine."

L. Burns (speaking of Junior High School days): "Say, Max, remember that Latin?"

M. McClatchey: "No, that's the trouble, I don't remember it."

Miss Kaliher: "Who settled Germany?"

E. McGill: "The Knight Templars."

Miss Power: "Fire bell! Two strokes! That means use both stairways."
O. Johnson: "Both stairways! Does she think we're double-jointed?"

Mrs. Bennett: "Why was the succession of James by George I one of the greatest events in English history?"

Thomson (who has some German ancestors): "George the First was a Dutchman!"

Mrs. Bennett: "Unless a person is ill of course, you can usually judge his character by his handwriting. What would you say of Thomas Jefferson judging from this facsimile copy of his handwriting?"

Stickles: "He must have been awfully sick."

A voice from the bench: "Tommy, why do you wear such large shoes?"

Tommy Meagher: "I can cover more ground with them."

Salo: "If you find a foot candle in the yard, will it be a yard candle?"

Stewart: "No, it'll be a Roman (roamin') candle."

H. Clarke: (speaking of Hawaii) "And the American flag was raised there."

Mrs. Bennett: "Where?"

Armstrong: "Why, in the air, of course!"

* * * *

Miss Kelly: "What did Shakespeare do in London?"

W. Shepardson: "He handed people into their automobiles."

Miss Kaliher: "What can you tell about the Albanians?"

C. Wasson: "They're the white haired people who have pink eyes and are in the side show of the circus."

In my marks I'd like to C A B But my limit seems to B A C While A C makes me mad, A B makes me glad. How nice it would B To have an A to C.

F. McMahon.

Miss Pfeiffer: "The scenery and costumes in a masque are always gorgeous. What do you imagine this beautiful sea nymph wore?"

Stickles: "Bathing suit."

* * * *

D. Morrison (after conversation concerning good looks): "If you think your looks are good, what do you call bad?"

R. Pomeroy: "Yours."

K Shanardson (translating Latin 3rd pariod): "They

K. Shepardson (translating Latin, 3rd period): "They fought a naval battle on land."

A. Columbia: "You're so dumb you think Mars is made of limberger cheese."
M. McClatchey: "That's why we can't get near it."

* * * *

Mr. Rudman (in Geometry class to girls powdering their faces): "Hurry up! This is no beauty parlor."

K. Lazette: "There seem to be quite a few figures in here."

* * * *

Mr. Goodwin (correcting prose): "Not conservandum, Miss Young, that word doesn't end in 'dum'."

Lois Young (innocently): "Oh, dam."

Mr. Brierly (holding a blank piece of paper in front of him): "Miss Hawkins, why can't I take this paper to the bank and get gold for it?"

Meta Hawkins: "Because there is nothing in back of it."

* * * *

Miss Pfeiffer (reviewing simple grammar rules): "In the sentence, 'The boy was little', what does 'little' do to 'boy'?"

Stickles: "It makes him small."

* * * *

Miss Kennedy: "Why do you put the circumflex over the 'u' in 'du'?" Canulla: "Because I think it looks better."

Smiles from Here and There

Seniors, if you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes.

Pointer.

E. Condron: "Here's a man found nine pearls in an oyster stew. Wonderful!"

J. Malloy: "Oh, fairly startling. I thought you were going to try and lead me to believe he found nine oysters."

C. Owen: "I certainly enjoyed that dance."

K. Gregory: "I'm so glad; I feel now that I lost these slippers in a good cause."

* * * *

A. Nagleschmidt: "You know these world fliers were lost in the arctics for about a week."

G. Rice: "No! How did they keep from freezing to death?"

A Nagleschmidt: "They landed on a mountain range."

* * * *

"I call my sister May's beau, 'April Showers'."

"Why?"

"Because he brings May flowers."

G. Andrews: "That man's deaf as a post."

E. Rathbun: "Saturday Evening?"

G. Andrews: "No, all the time."

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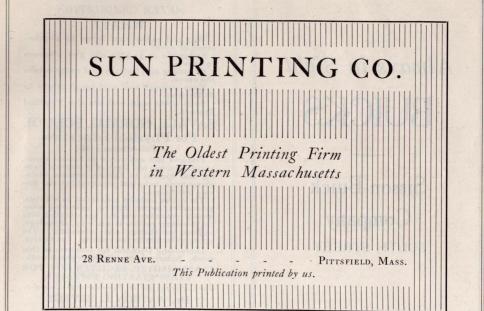
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